5-11-1960

Daily Eastern News: May 11, 1960

Eastern Illinois University

Defining Nature

by Charles S. Ernst

(Honorable Mention)

A trickle
A stream
Between the two a trousand others I have seen
None yet defined.

A timid trickle
A silent stream
A raging river
Each are of their own.

There was one trickle,
—one stream,
—one river,
Today none are defined.

Guest Poem

Napoleon est Mort!

by Donald C. Blair

Napoleon est mort!

I know not when
He died, or why,
Or how.

But they found him
Beneath the porch
Just now.

No longer will
He sleep beside
The walks.

His body lies
Enshrined, and no
One mocks.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Eastern State News

VOL. XLV . . . NO. 27 WEDNESDAY, MAY, 11, 1960

EDITOR'S NOTE: The annual literary supplement is published under the joint sponsorship of the Eastern State 'News' and Sigma Tau Delta. The works published in this issue represent the efforts of undergraduate students at Eastern. The 'News' and Sigma Tau Delta would like to express their thanks to all students who entered the contest and regret that all manuscripts could not be published due to space limitations.

A $10 prize is awarded by the 'News' to the winner of each catagory. In addition, a $25 award is presented to the entry judged as the best of all entries. This award is presented in the name of Winnie Davis Neely, a former member of the English department, and a person who was intensely interested in promoting creative writing among students.

The judges for this year's contest were: Dr. Robert Wharton, Dr. Lee Steinmetz, and Mr. Donald Cockerill, all of the English department. Our thanks to them for their careful consideration of the many entries—(83—17 short stories, 51 poems, 12 essays, and three book reviews.)

No prize was given in the book review catagory. As there were only three entries, and these of questionable quality, the judges did not choose a winner. In every catagory, regardless of the number of entries, the winning manuscript must meet certain standards, established by the judges, in order to win. If no manuscript meets these standards, no award will be given in that division.

Short Story

Twister

by Robert Mills French

(First Prize)

Winnie Davis Neely Prize Winner

About the contest . . .

THIS YEAR'S literary contest was the largest in the history of the event. A total of 83 entries were submitted for judging. Toughest competition was, as usual for this event, in poetry which had 51 entries. Short story division of the contest boasted 17 manuscripts while essay placed third with 12. Early plans for a book review division of the contest fell through when only three manuscripts were submitted in that field, none of which were judged worthy of award.

A boy looked out upon the day with eyes not yet fully resigned to the task ahead of them. At first the bright light of the morning sun caused him to draw back into the darkness from which he came; the morning chill provoked a short-lived shiver down his spine.

That mid-July morning had begun like many previous summer mornings. Cool and clear, the air had a vibrant, alive quality which beckoned one to rise and be about the day's business. Droplets of dew clung to all the leaves of the trees, hanging downward like mystical oriental jewelry—crystal on a background of jade. The blades of grass, also covered with dew, formed slanted eyelids beneath which bright eyes gleamed out with oriental enchantment.

As the day had not fully awakened, it was very still; what sounds there were remained obscure and distant. An occasional "caw" from a high-flying crow or a bell-like bird song, hollow and metallic, were the sole contrasts to the nearer sounds of small animals scurrying through the high grass or the sleepy scolding of a squirrel.

Soon the boy had left the cottage door and was running across the glistening field. His bare feet tingled as they swished through the dew-heavy grass and soon were soaked as each blade bent back protestingly only to lose its heavy load of moisture to the passing foot and then slowly fall back into position with tedious, jerky movements.

Racing ahead exuberantly the boy was aware of the coldness of the dew on his feet and the tickling touch of the passing grass, but the thought of discomfort never entered his mind as he dashed forth to seek the day in the spirit of small boys and animals.

He noticed the new-born sun peering over the horizon, its patterns of red and gold across the trees and surrounding hills were all part of his world — a world which he held close and was part of, a world much too

precious to stop and observe.

Ahead lay a lake, its waters shimmering and alive to the coming excitement of the day. The creatures of the day were starting to move as the last circles of the night-feeding fish grew broader and broader to die in the ripples of the morning breeze. On the horizon a small flight of ducks winged their way across the dusky bluffs seeking the swamps lying in the distance. A gull ghostly-rigid, wheeled about, low over the water. As it turned in ever-widening circles the sun reflected off the white back and wings, flashing a message of morning to the shortening shadows of the forest.

Now on the beach, the boy walked slowly along, enjoying the warmth of the sunned sand in contrast to the chill of the deeper grains. Coming to the edge of the lake he looked down and saw in his image Balboa looking out on the Pacific or Marco Polo viewing the secret East for the first time.

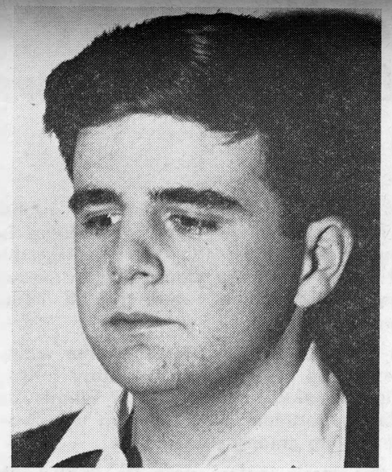
Skimming the surface with a toe, he shattered the image but did not despair as the refreshing water lapped at his feet.

Fully awake now, the earth resounded with the rush of day. Choruses of birds trilled, squirrels barked, chipmunks chirped, the lake replied with a steady sighing splash as the breeze broke the mirror of night and heaved its fragments shoreward. Across the inlet on which the boy looked children were laughing; the sound of a rusty pump "Squeeglumped" delightfully. A motorboat across the lake screamed along, out of tune yet in harmony with the multitude of sound.

Bending down to look for a flat stone, the boy found what he sought and sailed it out on the shining water, counting the times it hit and struggled skyward, to hit and struggle skyward again, finally to be swallowed in a muffled splash. Time and again he threw and counted until, tiring of the game, he looked for new adventure.

He turned and went up the shore to sit on an ancient stump. As he did, he noticed the birds had ceased their clamor. Perhaps he had only imagined their singing before; he had not been aware of them as he skipped the stones across the small bay. No, he was sure that he had heard them, for now the silence was ominous.

The waves of the lake had died down also, and it now lay still and sinister. It seemed as though a vat of heavy liquid had been poured on the lake's surface, stifling, smothering all life.



The author . . .

ROBERT MILLS FRENCH is a senior social science major from Elmhurst, Illinois. Mr. French began his college career at Eastern Illinois University where he has been active in many extra-curricular activities while maintaining an excellent scholastic record. Among Mr. French's achievements at Eastern is the publishing of an independent literary magazine, 'The Vehicle'. In addition, Mr. French has participated in: feature writing for the Eastern State *News*, a campus writer's group, theater production (Players), Interdepartmental Forum, and other campus groups.

In January of 1960 Mr. French married Miss Mary Ellen Mockbee, a senior English major from Terre Haute, Indiana. Mr. French's tentative plans for the future include additional schooling and a career in writing. — Joe Bangiolo.

The coolness of the morning was lost as the early morning sun blazed down hot and harsh. The clear blue of the sky faded, giving way to a sickening yellow-green hue which increased the feeling of closeness. The light "mackerel-scale" clouds which earlier had dashed high across the heavens had faded, only a black line far on the horizon broke the green abyss.

As he watched, the black line grew larger and larger on the horizon and seemingly bunched up only to spread out again. Suddenly the black line broke with the horizon and whirled skyward showing its full silhouette.

A writhing, coiled serpent, it thrashed ever higher and towered impressively over the north bluff of the lake. In one bound it leaped the bluff, kocking great oaks out of its stride as it came and swept onto the lake.

At first the boy was frightened by its sinister appearance, but now he took delight in this most wonderful of all "whirlwinds".

It bounded over the lake, an old man hopping on one leg, whirling his cane about his head. Whenever he touched the surface of the lake, the old man wheezed and hissed; his cane grew longer and reached high above him.

Passing far out in the lake, the black snake (the boy could not be sure whether it was a serpent or an old man on one leg with a cane) only reached in at the boy once. A hissing sound accompanied the tormenting wind, which drove the still water of the inlet to frenzy and whirled the boats, far down the shore, on their bows like huge tops. Buffeted by the wind, the boy laughed in delight at the dancing boats and plunging water.

Then it had passed, leaping from the lake onto the south beach. As he gained land, the old man touched a cottage, whirling it top-like as the boats had been whirled. The trees near the cottage joined the festive occasion and leaped sprightly about, only to collapse at once as the black cloud moved on past the lake and the cottage, over the horizon and out of sight.

Strong winds were starting now, and a few large drops of rain pelted him as excitedly he rushed homeward to tell his mother of the wonderful old man with a cane who had danced for him.

Sounds of a siren moaned between gusts of wind and the now torrential rain; the sound of it made the boy's neck tingle. As he gained the lawn of the family cottage, he saw his mother on the porch, looking in the direction where the cloud had passed, sobbing into her apron. "How strange," he thought, "that she should cry when such an exciting new adventure had just taken place."

"Maybe she missed it," he thought running faster, "why else would she cry over such a pretty cloud?"

Lines Written On Lighting A Pipe

by Donald C. Blair

(Third Prize)

You start to walk
It isn't far.
The Weather's what
You might call nice.
The night is brisk;
The air is cool;
The smell of cider,
And pumpkins,
And burning leaves
Like the pleasant soothing
Of a summer's tide.

You're feeling good,
And then, as though
Deluder Satan to tear
You down, the insistent
Craving for the nicotine
Hits harder than a hammer
In your crown.

You pull from neath
Your coat a pipe,
For that is what you smoke.
You pack it tight
And point it down
And flick the well worn
Button of the Ronson round;
And the flame sputters
And dies!

So you cup your hands
To form a womb
For the world
Of the flame
And its fuel.
A tiny world
Where life can exist
Safe from the stream
Of all diluting influence
Of the swiftly flowing
Ether of the universe.

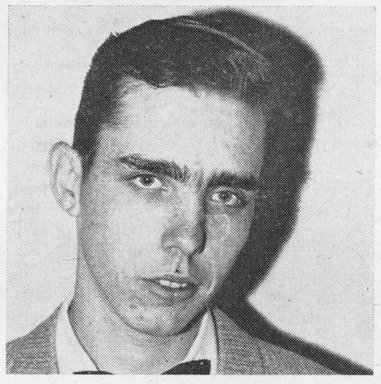
And then the thought . . .
"why should this flame,
So Self-sustaining,
Have the comfort of my hands,
When, from a tender age
I, more deserving,
Have been kicked
And scratched
And buffeted
By all sundry things?
Why should it
Be better off than I."

So you follow the urge
And spread your arms
To let the fire
Fend for itself,
As all poor souls
And damned entities must.

And the flame doesn't sputter,
But it dies!

Hold on there, Friend.
It is quite true
That you were forced
From out your mother's womb;
And through the first
Great trauma of your birth
You lived
And passed on;
And at the zealous pounding
Of your pink
And wrinkled bottom
You bellered loud and long.

But then you were
Wrapped in swaddling cloth,
And kept from out the rain
And cold
And heat
And storm
Until, with proper clothing,
You could run
Your merry way.



The author . . .

DONALD C. BLAIR, junior English major from Lawrenceville is new to the field of writing. Don is a transfer student and attended Vincennes University before enrolling at Eastern. This is his first attempt in a literary contest.

Poetry

Merry-Go-Round

by Robert Mills French

(First Prize)

I climbed upon that glorious steed
That offered true adventure
And then it started—the music began
All the world went Round and Round.

UP and down Round and Round
Round and Round UP and down

The excitement of it thrilled me
As high I reached for the ring of brass
I touched it once but it slipped away
My stead went down and Round and round.

Up and down Round and round
Round and round Up and down

Many times I tried to grasp
That ring that always faded
Each time I thought it surely mine
But I lost it round and round.

up and down round and round
round and round up and down

I tire of the music
For it plays on the same
The ring of brass lies far beyond
As I, head down, go round and round.

up and DOWN round and round
round and round up and DOWN . . . .

Civic Pride

by Fred Hovis

(Second Prize)

The young stranger made Black Bart mad
in the town that Black Bart ran.
The whole town came to see the
shootout
at noon.
Everyone secretly cheered the cowboy
stranger here
and hoped Black Bart's day had come.
But the stranger was slow
so Black Bart killed him.
Then the town hated the dead stranger
and had a BLACK BART DAY.

Only This And No More

by Judy Jones

(Second Prize)

There's this thing that's been bothering me lately. I've been worrying about growing old, which, I guess, is pretty silly because I'm a little young yet. But, old age is kinda sneaky. I mean, all of a sudden there you are—no teeth, grey hair, wrinkles and no energy. That's awful, 'cause I really have lots of energy. Actually, a lot of it is nervous energy, but it keeps me moving. I don't really know why I'm worried. My mom and dad are about 40, which is pretty old, and they don't look so terrible.

Speaking of Mom and Dad, let me tell you about my family. I got this little brother, see; he's about thirteen now. Anyway, he is really smart. He even puts me to shame, he's so smart. He's smarter than I am, and I'm four years older!

Anyway, Old Twig — that's his name—Twig—he has about one thousand books about space. That kid is really crazy about space. You're probably laughing about my brother 'cause his name is Twig. It's really a silly name. I sometimes get a big laugh from it myself. My mom must have been hysterical after he was born to name him that.

Anyway, I was telling you about how smart Twig it. When I'm watching television, which is about every single night of the year, old Twig is upstairs locked in his room reading about space. He **locks** his door—honest to God, he does. I don't know why. Sometimes I ask him but he never tells me. There's this one thing that impresses the hell out of me, though. He can sing in pig latin. No kidding, he really can. I mean, I can talk in pig latin, a lot of people can, but I always have to think it out, I just can't rattle it off. But pig latin comes real easy to Twig. Sometimes I test him and think of all these songs and he can always do them fast, just as soon as I think of them. I used to tell my friends about it until this very embarrassing things happened.

One time, a whole group of friends were at our house on a Saturday afternoon. Anyhow, I was telling them about Twig and the way he could sing in pig latin. They didn't believe me! Honest to God, they thought I was lying and I mean, I'm their friend and everything and they thought I was a liar.

The author . . .

"EXHUBERANCE" would best describe the reaction of JUDY JONES, junior speech major from Herrick, when told of her award. When questioned as to inspiration for the story she gleefully explained: "I got the idea from my little brother who can really sing in pig-latin!" We'll leave the interpretation of that to you.

A transfer student, Judy attended Southern Illinois University before coming to Eastern two years ago. She has written since childhood, but previous publication has been restricted to the 1959 "Mosaic".

So I called Twig down from his room and told him to sing this song in pig latin. So you know what he does? He looks around the room like he was dumb or something and he says, "Pig latin, are you nuts? I don't even know what it is." God, I was embarrassed.

After Twig went back upstairs, everybody was laughing at me and calling me agnostic and degenerate and stuff like that. That made me really mad. So I shouted at them and told them to get the hell out of my house. But nobody left; so we all sat around watching television.

I've got this other brother too. He's pretty old and he doesn't live at home anymore. He's a preacher. Honest to God, he is. That sometimes hands me a big laugh. But I don't always laugh 'cause I know why he's a preacher. See, I used to have a little sister. God, she was cute. She was five years younger than Twig and her name was Aphrodesia. We called her Affie for short. She used to have this little colored mammy doll named Jiffy. What a silly name for a doll. But Affie loved that doll. God, how she loved that doll, you know. She used to take it everywhere with her, to bed and everything.

Affie was just what a little girl should be, you know, sugar and spice and all that. She had these little yellow curls and these big blue eyes. I used to get this big lump in my throat every time I saw her do this one thing. She would sit in her little rocker and hold that colored mammy doll like a baby, you know? She used to sing this little song and rock that doll and say, "Affie and Jiffy are angels". God, she was cute.

Affie was only four years old when she died. She had something wrong with her blood. She stayed in that hospital a whole seven weeks. I really remember the night before she died. It was winter and Mom came home from visiting her and was crying so hard she couldn't get her coat off. She went to sleep in our front room chair with her coat still on. I could hardly sleep that night and at 6:12 in the morning I heard the phone ring. I know it was 6:12 'cause I looked at the clock by my bed. Anyway, I just knew it was about Affie so I ran down the stairs and there was Mom. She was listening in the phone and she still had her coat on. Anyway, she screamed and dropped the phone. I thought she was going to faint. But she didn't.

She ran out of the house. I bet she ran all the way to the hospital—over a mile. The phone was just lying there and I didn't feel like hanging it up. Dad was standing in his bedroom doorway and he told me to get to bed. I don't know to this day who hung up that phone.

Anyway, I lay on my stomach in my bed and I had my fingers crossed under my chest. God, my fingers really hurt. I had my eyes shut as tight as I could get them, you know. They hurt too, but I didn't care. I just kept hoping that the phone call meant that my grandmother in Seattle had died. That's an awful thing to hope, but I didn't know my grandmother very well. I just didn't want it to be Affie.

A couple of days later, we went to

Affie's funeral. She looked so little in that big blue casket with the white net over it. I kept thinking how much bluer her eyes would be if they were open. It was then I saw Twig. He was sitting on the floor holding that colored mammy doll. I wanted to throw up, I felt so bad. I don't know to this day why I did it, but I ran over and grabbed Jiffy away from Twig. I ran out of that place as fast as I could. I finally fell down on the ground and right where I fell I began digging. I was crying so hard I could barely see. I knew I shouldn't bawl, but it was the first time I really let go since I was a kid. Anyway, I hid Jiffy in the hole and covered her up.

After that, whenever I got to thinking about Affie and how I missed her, I'd do down to the place where I had buried Jiffy. I used to dig her up and hold her in my arms and rock her like a baby, you know?

One day, though, just about a year ago, I went to dig up Jiffy. It was raining and I was really feeling terrible. Anyway, I dug everywhere looking for that doll, but I couldn't find her. I mean, I dug everywhere, but she was gone. I never did find that doll.

Anyway, I'd really like to tell you about my mom. Or rather, I'd like to tell you about how she used to be. When I was little, no person could have asked for a better mom. She was pretty, always laughing, you know? Let me tell you about her smile. She used to smile when she did the dishes! Honest to God, there she'd be, doing dishes and smiling. I never could figure that one out. I used to think she was remembering all the jokes she had ever heard.

But after Affie died, she must have forgotten every joke she ever knew. She didn't laugh so often and she hardly ever smiled. She started to let herself go, too. She got fat and never fixed her hair very often. I really hated to see that happen. But after a while I got to the place where I didn't care anymore. That's a thing that really shakes me—I mean, when you get to the place where you stop caring about stuff. Everybody does that though, no kidding, almost everybody I know is like that. It's a darn dirty shame. That hands me a laugh, "darn dirty shame". I got this teacher who always says that.

Anyway, I was telling you about how my mom changed. You want to know something funny — my dad never changed. That always seemed strange to me. I mean, you get to thinking about your parents as being one person and when something happens and they become no different, you think maybe somethings wrong. Anyway, my old dad never changed much. It was my mom who changed.

Sometimes I think of my dad as being both parents too. That's pretty bizarre. I like that word, bizarre. It fits so nicely in some places.

Anyway, my dad used to read to us when we were little and before we got television. My dad was smart too. He could count words as he read aloud. The reason I know that is because he used to read **Winnie-the-Pooh** to us and he would always say, "Well, that's 335 words, time for me to have a cigarette." Sometimes I used to lay in my bed and read aloud and try to count the words as I read, but I could never do it. Anyway, my mom changed and I think I changed too, but my dad and old Twig never changed after Affie died. My big brother changed too. I already told you he became a preacher because of Affie.

Anyway, when my brother was still living at home, he used to write all his sermons in his room. That always handed me a big laugh. I mean, I used to think preachers just thought of what they were going to say on the spur-of-the-moment. Preachers always shout and shake their fist at you and then right before the old prayer they get real quiet. It used to scare me because I thought God was probably right there in the church and He could tell that I really wasn't thinking about religious stuff. I always thought that He knew I was just goofing around and waiting for church to let out.

Anyhow my big brother married some girl he met in college and they're living in Seattle where my grandmother is.

That's about all there is to tell you except for one thing. I was brushing my hair the other day and I found this white hair right in the center of my head. God, it scared me. I mean, I just don't think I want to grow old. Sometimes I think Affie was pretty lucky, in a way.

To Save A Soul

by Robert Mills French

(Third Prize)

John O'Brady was a prison evangelist who never gave up on a soul. He would work with a man for months to convert him. Often, he would still be persuading a convict to save himself as the man walked to the gallows. Many times John had baptised a man, over his protests, after his hands and feet were bound and he could not get away.

Such was the case of the man whom he now worked to convert. "Loose Jake," as the man was known by his fellow inmates, was seemingly an impossibly lost soul. Raised on the frontier in the tradition of "kill or be killed," he accepted no authority legal or divine.

As civilization, and its accompanying law and order, had moved into the territory, most of the frontier figures had either disappeared or conformed to the new way of life. Not so with Jake! He had insisted on carrying his "six-gun" on his hip, as before, and had gone to jail several times because he refused to take it off. Several bar fights had also brought short sentences and it was in one of these that Jake killed a man —the crime for which he was now serving out a life sentence at the state penitentiary where John O'Brady was chaplan.

Jake refused to co-operate with the prison authorities just as he had spurned the society of free men. Disciplinary action had done no good with him, and before a month of his sentence had passed, he had attempted escape. Climbing the wall in broad daylight, he paid no heed to the warnings of the tower guard and stopped only after a shotgun blast tore into his legs.

John O'Brady met Jake after the attempted escape. Entering the hospital room where Jake sat, strapped down at the waist to avoid further attempts at escape, John smiled broadly and thrust out his hand. Jake

under the table, he retrieved his pen and discovered a typewritten page bearing the name "Janice Lewis."

As calmly as if the problem of my lost paper had never existed, he said, "What do you want to minor in?"

He treated my problem of choosing a minor as if it were the problem of a child trying to decide which to purchase, a chocolate or a strawberry ice cream cone. As a father might give his child a minute to decide between the two, Dr. Watkins gave me two minutes to decide between Latin or French, and, after that time, as I was still undecided, he said, "Okay, we'll sign you up for French."

My problem of choosing a laboratory science was settled in the same manner. I was signed up for botany before I was certain what botany was.

At last, making numerous trips from Dr. Watkins table to the three tables in the center of the semicircle, labeled "Class Cards for Fall," "Class Cards for Winter," and "Class Cards for Spring," I had every card except one for a spring history course. Having tried the last section, I returned to the table and delivered the news to Dr. Watkins that the last section was also closed. Calmly, he handed me my papers and said, "Go on through and finishing registering."

I challenged, "But, I don't have a fourth class for Spring Quarter."

"Don't worry about that. If you're lucky, maybe you can find a husband before then."

Just then, he was accosted by another wandering freshman, and I saw that there was nothing to do but to finish my registration and go drown my sorrows in a coke.

Now, it is three and a half years later. My adviser, Dr. Watkins, is still advising. Last night, we English Club members and the club's advisers were posing for our annual **Warbler** photograph. The photographer's assistant arranged us in three rows, but she had difficulty placing one professor, Dr. Biggs. There didn't seem to be room for him in the third row: yet, she didn't want to make him the sole member of a fourth row. She suggested, referring to Dr. Biggs, "You in the gray suit move between the two gentlement in blue."

Standing back, she said, "No, on second thought, stand at the end of that row. Move in closer."

After surveying the group again, she said, "No that's not right, Let's see. You in the gray suit might—."

As she paused, trying to think of a solution, my adviser suggested, drily and without rancor, "Drop dead."

Life In A Private Home

by Ruth Ann Day

(Honorable Mention)

One of my most enjoyable experiences at Eastern has been living in a private home.

Upon entering a private home and being introduced to several strange girls, one begins to wonder just what each girl is like and how one will adjust to the situation. It is like learning to drive a car. One doesn't know whether he might land in the ditch or have a smooth safe journey to his destination.

Carter has many types of liver pills; likewise, there are many types of personalities in a private home. One actually begins to realize that the world is made up of many different types of people.

There are a variety of majors in this specific house, consisting of business, home economics, music, elementary, and art. Whether Gregg shorthand suits the taste, designing wardrobes, learning about Beethoven, teaching the younger generation, or painting a picture, each girl has a special pride in her field of interest.

In these modern times, girls are supposed to watch their figures. Keep slim and trim is a good slogan. However, sometimes it is fun to break rules so a trip to the Dairy Queen is made.

It is always a problem for everyone to decide what he wants, and then electing someone to get out of the car and go to the window. If there is too much topping on one's sundae, this problem can be solved by pouring a little off on the ground!

The kitchen is quite an interesting place where all types of food are concocted. Sometimes the noise is so great that one begins to wonder if he is in Grand Central Station. Everyone has his own favorite food too. I like beans especially well, and I have wondered for quite some time who invented them.

No one in our house claims to be a William Shakespeare. However, each one has his own clever expressions, such as "it sounds like a winner," "who, me?" "for cryin' in the bucket," "that's poor," "it's a great life if you don't weaken."

As far as academic standing is concerned, there are some pretty smart girls in the house. One might call them Einsteins'. Since I am not particularly gifted along this line, I often seek help from these "brains".

As a means of entertainment, we sing quite a bit. Sometimes "Dusty" Day will accompany the group with her ukelele. Depending upon who is talking and the subject matter involved, the "gab sessions" can last from 15 minutes to 2 hours.

If someone gets a little rambunctious, it isn't unusual to hear the familiar words, "Girls—let's quiet down." Because each is an angel all of the time, no one deserves a bawling out!

The friendship I have shared with nine girls in a private home during the past year has been something I will always cherish. I shall never be able to thank them for their kindness, patience, and understanding ways. Never will I be able to adequately thank them for the joy of friendship—a joy which they have helped me experience.

James Metcalfe states in one of his portraits that "there is no better way to use the leisure time we spend than just to share our pleasant thoughts with some beloved friend."

was ten years old, she almost had me convinced that our cows didn't love their calves as much as they did fifty years ago when her father took care of them.

When in the course of human events I lost my temper and spoke rudely to my father, my grandmother would say, "My dad would never have allowed such talk as that from any of us." She said it with a finality that seemed to imply that my father, whom I revered and should not have spoken to so crossly, was an immature person incapable of raising a family.

Mother often chided me by saying, "I learned how to cook and sew by just watching my mother. If you would spend more time with me, you would learn also."

It seemed to me that I was with her all of the time anyway, and I found it hard to believe that she had been tied to her mother's apron strings. But, nevertheless, this gave me the feeling that children were getting worse, and it was a shame becouse I knew that my mother deserved a good, old-fashioned daughter.

One evening, while I was helping Daddy milk our cows that didn't love their off-spring as much as the cows of yesteryear did, I asked him bluntly, "Why couldn't I have been born fifty years ago when times were good?"

"Because you were born fifty years later after times had gotten better," he replied seriously.

"But Auntie says that when she was young the barn was fixed up and—"

"Of course," he interrupted. "This barn was in good repair fifty years ago—it was new then. We're building a new barn on the back lot, and fifty years from now don't let me hear you telling your children that times were better when it was new."

His words sank slowly into my mind as he went on. "People are just people. They have the same feelings of love and fear and the same basic needs of food and sleep as they had fifty or one-hundred-and-fifty years ago. When your aunt was young, she felt good and was doing a lot of things. Now she is old, has rheumatism, and does little more than read the newspapers. It's natural and right that she should fondly remember the days of her youth, but this is your youth, my girl."

No doubt fifty years from now I shall be much like my aunt and think that the years between 1949 and 1960 were the golden age, but that day, as I listened to Bossy, the cow, bawling for her calf, my faith in life was restored.

My Adviser

by Janice Lewis

(Honorable Mention)

I'll never forget my first impression of my adviser. It was my first registration day. As I trudged into crowded Lantz Gym that afternoon, I was faced by signs pointing to the gym floor. Behind most of the tables were several professors. On each table was a sign identifying the department that is represented. As I was going to major in English, I was looking for that department's table.

After I had toured the semicircle of tables fruitlessly, I decided that Eastern's English department was fictional. Just as I was trying to find a friendly soul who might help me out of my dilemma, I spied the English table in the northwest corner, beside the door that I had entered.

Behind that table was sitting a man who appeared to have no interest in the proceedings. He was sitting alone, not assisted by other professors and, at the moment, not plagued by freshmen. He was a large, sandy-haired, freckled-faced man with glasses just thick enough to make his eyes appear frightening. His age could have ranged anywhere from forty to fifty.

As I had memorized the name of the professor who was to be my adviser, I queried, "Hello. Are you Dr. Smythe?"

With a slight snicker in his deep, cutting voice, he said, "No, I'm Dr. Walter Watkins. Dr. Smythe has been called away by the illness of his wife." Evidently, he had never been mistaken for Dr. Smythe before.

Still standing. I said, "Can you help me register? I want to major in English."

"Sit down, he said, as if I should have known enough to have done so already.

I sat down, and I sat there for some time while Dr. Watkins reluctantly folded up the newspaper that he had been reading and arranged and rearranged a stack of important looking papers, ignoring me completely. At last, he said, "Now, what did you say your name was?"

"I'm Janice Lewis," I said meekly, my name sounding foreign to even me as it crept from between my parched lips.

After thumbing through all of the papers that he had just sorted, he asked bluntly, "Are you sure you're supposed to major in English?"

This infuriated me. I felt as humiliated as I had the day Smitty, the grocer asked me, "Are you sure you're supposed to buy candy today?" I was a self-reliant five-year-old then, and I knew that I was supposed to buy candy that day. I wasn't a baby. Today, I was a mature seventeen-year-old, and I knew I was going to major in English. I wasn't a child.

Wanting to say, "Are you crazy?", I said firmly, "I'm going to major in English."

"Well, I can't find your name here anywhere."

For what seemed to be forever, Dr. Watkins looked across the room into space. I began to think that he was putting an evil eye on someone, and I even tried unnoticeably to glance over my shoulder to see if he were staring at someone. I sat there wishing that I were still working at my summer job, even if I had to wait on the most trying customer, inebriated old Mr. Fiddle. I was certain that I did not have the ability to cope with this present situation and Dr. Watkins. I thought, "He's impossible. Surely, he couldn't be a college professor. Professors are quiet, polite old gentlemen."

As if he had suddenly had a brain storm, he said, "Wait here. I'll go see if your paper is still in my desk."

I thought that he was using this as an excuse to get out of the predicament and back to his newspaper, for he did pick it up as he was preparing to leave. As he arose, he dropped his pen. Stooping and reaching

frowned, looked at the hand, turned it palm up with his hand, and spit a mouthful of odorous tobacco juice into it. Trembling with rage and indignation, John rushed from the room and not return for several days.

When he did return, John did not attempt to shake hands, but rather, remained at the foot of the bed. Smiling a firm smile, he spoke, "Jake, what is your religion?"

"Colt," came the curt reply.

"Colt?" John asked in amazement, "What church is that?"

"Colt-45, greenhorn," Jake spat, then mutter as he wiped his chin, "Now get the hell out of here, preacher!"

Keeping his temper under control, John had remained to talk to Jake about his soul and why he should confess and be baptised. Many hours were spent through the weeks that Jake was confined to the hopsital, talking, pleading, reading passages from the Bible.

All the time John struggled to keep his Irish temper under control as the old man chewed, spat, and swore at him. The only response to the prayers was—"What a lot of horsefeathers!"; to the pleas to confess and be converted—"Go sell it to the Indians!"

It had gone on like that for several months while Jake was recovering. Shortly before his expected release from the hospital, Jake overpowered a hospital guard and used him as a hostage to break out of the prison once more. Not doubting for a moment that Jake would use the guard's gun on him, the gatekeeper had let him go free.

As he marched the terrified guard off into the desert night, Jake had laughingly told the gatekeeper, "That preacher better notify God of my changed address."

The desert heat had proved to be too much for Jake, and he surrendered without a struggle before noon of the following day. This time the warden ordered stricter discipline, and John O'Brady found himself visiting the soliary confinement cell instead of the hospital.

Sitting on the cold concrete floor of the bare cell with no clothes on, Jake looked like little more than a wrinkled and grey old man. He swore constantly and refused to listen to John. He had hurled his tin plate of watered-down mash and bread at guard and taken only the smallest amount of water. Beatings with the rubber hose failed to raise even the slightest cry from him; he now resigned himself to an uneasy stoicism.

After a record stay in solitary, Jake went back to his cell. His fellow inmates accepted him with a degree of reverence nicknaming him "Loose" in honor of his attempts to flee.

All efforts at conversion after that proved fruitless as Jake either ignored O'Brady or made fun of him in front of the other prisoners. Finally the evangelist could take no more and, trembling with anger, shouted at the belligerent inmate—"Damn you, man, don't you have enough decency to be grateful to God for what he's put up with, for the fact that he'll still forgive you and save your soul?"

Growing serious, Jake stopped leering and spoke deliberately — "Where was God when I needed him?" When I was being beat with the hose? Even before when I was being pushed around for wearing a gun?"

"You were sinning, Jake," the evangelist replied, hopeful now, "God can't condone your sins; give yourself a break, let me baptise you and—"

"NO!" came the angry reply, "you're not going to splash water on my head, preacher; you won't ever see that day! Now get the hell out of here! Guard! Guard, get this horse-thief away from me!"

John had left dejected, Jake's words still ringing in his ears. "I'll baptise him yet," he muttered to himself, "I'll save his soul even if he doesn't fear hell; at least he can go before God if he's baptised."

Later, that same week, a fire broke out in the blanket factory. In the ensuing confusion of rounding up prisoners and fighting the blaze, several men escaped over the wall. Jake, who had been assigned work duty in the plant the day before, was one of the escapees.

The freedom was short-lived for all of the men but Jake. They soon succumbed to the desert's killing temperture and returned to the prison on their own.

The search party which pursued Jake found his trail heading straight into the most barren stretch of desert. With no water he might live two days in that open inferno. The warden, who was satisfied to be rid of such a nuisance, called off the search, relieved to solve this problem so easily.

John O'Brady, determined not to give up, borrowed a horse and several canteens for water, and set out in pursuit. He wished to bring Jake back but even more he desired to baptise him so that he wouldn't die without a chance of salvation.

Patting the canteen on his belt, he thought to himself how he would accomplish his mission of saving Jake's soul, and at the same time regain his pride by overcoming Jake's threat.

As he was on horseback, O'Brady soon overtook Jake, but could not force him to go back. Somehow Jake had acquired a gun and he threatened to use it whenever the evangelist came within shouting distance.

They went on like that for a full day under the blazing sun, pursuer and pursued. Jake, who had been out for two days now with little or no water, faltered badly but still remained conscious enough to warn O'Brady to keep his distance.

That night the evangelist stopped his chase, using all but a small amount of the water he carried for the horse and himself. An uneasy night passed for him as each desert sound caused him to jump.

The chase resumed in the half-light before dawn. Much weakened, Jake had not moved far from where John had stopped. Now Jake struggled across the infinity of sand with visible difficulty. He fell often, only to struggle back to his feet in a flopping manner which reminded the evangelist of a puppet in inexperienced hands.

As the sun appeared and the coolness of night dissipated, the convict fell more often and took longer to rise. In a final burst of energy he waved his arms over his head, jabbering deliriously, and fell face down on the shimmering sand, which was quite warm by now, and did not get up again.

Jerking his horse into a weary trot, John soon was beside the fallen man and struggled to get the near-empty canteen free from his belt. Ignoring the bloated lips and tongue which unconsciously moved in a sucking motion, John began to perform the rites of baptism, all the time struggling with the canteen cap which refused to budge. Attempting to speak the sacred words brought only a harsh whisper from John's thirsty throat.

Jake was gasping for breath now, and his chest was rattling dryly. The evangelist knew he would have to hurry if the dying man were to have any chance of salvation.

Suddenly the top of the canteen flew off and the vessel itself slipped from John's hands. It fell top down into the parched

sand and before he could move, every drop had drained away.

How could he baptise this man with no water! The realization of his failure numbed O'Brady. Looking about frantically for help, he seized upon a wild, desperate idea. Trying to gaher saliva into his dry mouth he bent over the wheezing man and attempted to spit. Only a hoarse whistle came out of his puckered mouth.

Fumbling frantically with his belt buckle, O'Brady finally succeeded in loosening it and in a frenzied effort to unbutton the pants tore them open. As the now loosened pants fell around his ankles, O'Brady ripped his shorts aside and half kneeled, half-squatted over the prostrate figure. The shorts which hung loosely to the waistband held by a strand of cloth, caught in the wind and blew in front of O'Brady. Trembling, he tore the delinquent strand free, threw it from him, and attempted to urinate. Squatting directly over the face of the convict, John tried again and again to squeeze some moisture from his system. He stood upright and looked about angrily.

With a sudden rush of embarrassment at his nakedness, the evangelist clutched his head in his hands and sat next to the dying man. "Your not going to splash water on my head, preacher; you won't ever see that day!" buzzed in his ears over and over as he realized that he could not complete the baptismal.

He had been beaten by this man; he could not save his soul after all. Evangelist John O'Brady banged his head with clenched fists. Anger, indignation, and an overwhelming sense of futility swept over him as the thought of losing shook him convulsively.

The gasping had stopped.

The Unfortunate One

by Ray Hoops

(Honorable Mention)

This morning, he thought, as he turned the small gun over and over in his twisted hand, she would notice him. This morning she would have to look at him. He pictured her in his mind, which was as deformed as his hideous body, and he was filled with an engulfing hatred for her.

It had begun two and one half weeks ago when she had first passed the small stand where he sold apples with the crudely lettered sign reading:

HELP ONE
LESS FORTUNATE

His hatred of her had commenced with his first glimpse of her. Not that he felt differently about anyone who was fortunate enough to have straight limbs and a voice that was not mute, but the others who passed at least expressed sympathy for him. But, oh no! Not her! She had passed by him with her eyes staring straight ahead, appearing not even to be aware of his presence.

Every morning since that first day, she had passed him promptly at eleven o'clock. With her long hair flowing behind her and that same half-smile on her lips, as if she were mocking him without really knowing that he existed. Every morning it was the same picture: the straight perfect body, the brisk stride, the unwavering gaze, and the small book in her right hand.

He hated her more and more with each passing. At first it had been the mild hatred with which he favored everyone and which was actually only his way of passively striking back at the world which he felt had mistreated him by giving him this deformity. Little by little, in his mind, she began to represent everything he hated. His demented being was overwhelmed by a passion so powerful that it was painful.

Just when the plan had entered his mind he was not sure, but it was there. He had uncovered his old gun (where he had first gotten it he did not know) and he had decided to force her to do that thing which, he rationalized, would greatly ease the burden he carried.

He had planned, oh, so carefully. Just before eleven he would hobble from behind his stand to the middle of the sidewalk so that he could point the gun straight at her face. Then she would notice him!

Why it was so important that she should notice him, he was not sure. It had been such a long time and his thoughts were rather confused, but of one thing he was sure; he must have this one victory over that hated creature or his life would be unbearable.

And now the time had come! As she rounded the corner, with the same perfect stride as always, he raised the gun. Hatred welled up in him and a smile of satisfaction crossed his distorted face. He contemplated, with great pleasure, the expressions she might have on her face when she would first see him.

But his pleasant thoughts turned to horror. She didn't see him! She walked toward him as thought she were in a trance. He felt panic close over him and his mind screamed the terror his mute voice could not express. One thought hammered at his mind. She did not see him.

The sound of the gun startled him. He stood, looking at it in amazement, while the girl took a few faltering steps and fell in front of him. The book dropped open at his feet. At the bottom of the open page, under the depressions and ridges, were lettered the words:

THE GREATEST MASTERPIECES
OF THE WORLD
IN BRAILLE

Angel Puss

by Linda Kay Campbell

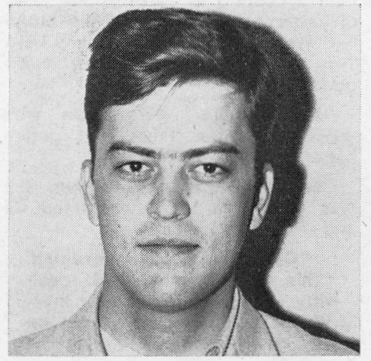
(Honorable Mention)

the door. I run across the yard and up the road-barefooted. Suddenly as I pass the Big Hedge Tree, the years roll back and I remember a little girl of five walking past this same tree. How much has she changed?

American Aesthete

by Fred Hovis

(Second Prize)



The author . . .

FRED HOVIS is a sophomore speech major from Indianapolis, Indiana, formerly of Mattoon. This is his first attempt in a literary event, and, we might add, at creative writing. Multiple winners seems to be the rule this year instead of the exception — Mr. Hovis has placed second in both essay and poetry.

A distinctively American form of art is being born out of the American Midwest, which completely discards old European standards and the standards of New England upper class. It is an art of the working man, the factories and the farms, the grease and the soil. It is affecting the writing, poetry, art and music of the Midwest. It is rushing forth, full of living and full of the present, in a style reflecting the power and recklessness of the midwestern United States.

Aesthetes are emerging in all fields of art, creating all the forcefulness, coarseness, and sensitivity of the working men of mid-America. Men like Ginsberg, Corso, and Ferlinghetti are writing poetry of talking, loving, hating, and drinking, all with the drive and vigor of America. Kerouac and Clellon Holmes are carrying this climate into stories and novels, Brando, Dean, and Kazan, into the theatre.

The characteristics of this art of the soil are familiar and human. In poetry and writing it can be seen in the writing style and subject matter. The new American aesthete have in their writing style abandoned the mechanics of proper construction, and instead, write as they talk, as they hear, as they feel.

The aesthete has discarded the taboo of words which are used in our speech, but are not supposed to be written. He uses the words and sentences he lives with and thinks with, and they have become his writing. These are the words of his language even if they do not appear in Webster.

The subject of his art is out of the life about and around him, and he feels he must strive to live and experience all that he possibly can. His work and fun are with vigor, engulfing everything. He drinks beer, smokes cigarettes, and seldom polishes his shoes, just as most men in mid-America. He enjoys life with no envy for those who wear tux and tie.

HE LIKES THE GOOD IN THE RELIGIONS, their love, honesty, and charity,—be they Protestant, Catholic, Mohammedan, or even Zen Buddhism—and so considers himself religious, but churches make him uncomfortable. He searches for a living Christ, or a Christ-like person so that he may learn first-hand.

HE LIKES SEX, openly and unshamedly. He enjoys the pleasures of love and loveplay, but wants no false modesty or maudlinity in it. He sees no shame in sex, and freely talks of sex. Sex is fun, so why be shy about it. Love and sex need not depend one upon the other, he feels. Each or the two together have their pleasures.

HIS MUSIC MOST OFTEN IS FOLK MUSIC, the music of life, his life and surroundings. Songs of the West; cowboys, gunfights, outlaws, trail songs; and songs of love tramps and railroads. He also likes Jazz music, if it is vigorous or emotional. He wants the musician to blow music with the same qualities as the life the aesthete of 1960 knows and lives—forceful and accelerated.

The new art, too, he must make simple. It need not be even so intricate as to show outline or form of the subject. It must have only the feeling or the emotion of the subject or the artist, and this is captured with colors and shapes, not by transferring eye-ball photographs to canvas. The 1960 aesthete paints what cameras don't see.

The new poet creates from his life, and he works at factories, filling stations, farms, ranches, railroads, and construction projects. He drives on the roads between Chicago, St. Louis, and Denver, his cities. He talks excitedly and rapidly, and he writes the same way. He sees beauty, and ugliness, in odd places, and then he recreates it in his own words, or music, or colors. The aesthete of 1960 is a completely American product, the poet of the American midwest.

Cows Love Their Calves

by Linda Kay Campbell

(Third Prize)

As a youngster I was led to believe that the era I was living in was simply not worth being a part of. Everything and everybody had been much better fifty years ago. My aunt always pointed out that the barn on our farm was falling down, whereas her father had kept it in good repair. She would begin her story with, "Now when I was a girl." She always ended it with, "But things just aren't as good as they used to be." When I

all been eaten up." My voice doesn't sound real as I say it. I start to cry. I can't help it, I just can't help it. I had wanted to raise that corn, I'd worked at it and now it was all gone.

"Sometimes things happen that show what a person's really made of." I can hear Dad saying it, but it doesn't sound real as I cry against the fence post. "You've got to have intestinal fortitude; lots of things happen , but we face them." I raise my head. I know he means me. I don't have any intestinal fortitude.

"You've got to think big, Kay. We can't afford to be personal or petty about things. You didn't raise a crop, but the corn's not lost. The calves ate it, we'll sell them, they're just that much better off. It's expensive feed, but that will just cancel our debt for the seed."

I stand there not saying anything, but I realize I'm not crying anymore. Somehow I turn and slowly walk away; I know I won't ever forget what he said.

I walk back into the Big Pasture a lot. There is the lane leading down from the main barn, dust covered and rutty. There's an open expanse of green grass where the dead family horses are buried. Often I wade in The Branch and look at the woods and creek beyond.

Sue and I often walk back here and talk, or I come alone. There is so much to talk to Sue about. I can ride Brownie whenever I want to, but I'm supposed to get the cows up to be milked in the evenings. I watch all four seasons come to the Big Pasture. Each one is more delightful than the last. In the middle of the woods is a secret pasture filled with flowers and blackberries. It's secret until blackberry season; at that time the big folk enter in. A sad change takes place and the patch becomes my tortrue chamber, but I enjoy eating berries and they don't pick themselves.

Now, at thirteen, when the social life at school and home is tiresome, I come back into the Big Pasture. Somehow, society matters less. I feel so vibrantly alive, so close to God.

Today we are going to Grandma and Grandad Hines'. We go to see them quite often. It is Thanksgiving and all the folks will be there. Grandad has chickens and works in his flowers a lot. Their home is a flower-garden in the summer, but the flowers are all gone now. Grandma is fixing a good Thanksgiving dinner. We are having turkey; it's her fried chicken I really like.

Barry, my little cousin, is here. He's about six. All day he has talked with a silly made-up accent—as if he couldn't talk quite plainly. I guess he thinks he's cute, but it sounds sickening.

"Mother," I say later. (Mother doesn't have to leave in the winters now.) "Why does Barry talk like that? Doesn't he know it sounds awful? He's too big."

"You might ask yourself that; you talked baby-talk when you were older than he is." I realize now how Aunt Florence felt.

Christmas is here with all of its Spirit and Good-Will. I am making all of my Christmas presents this year, and I am very proud of them.

This Christmas Eve Grandma and Grandpa are staying all night with us. Aunt Mildred and Uncle Felix, Mike, and Barry are here too. We read the Christmas Story out of the Bible, and sing carols. Sue and I dress in red and green and put mistletoe in our hair.

After my aunt and uncle leave, Sue, Dad, and I bundle up and go cutside. We hurry up to the barn and climb into the hayloft. Slowly we hoist ourselves up into the large open window and look out. The moon is high and bright; the stars are clear. The barn lot and road are wrapped in a silence of peace. The Big Tree rustles faintly in the cold wind, and then all is very still. Now as we watch, half buried in the hay, mist slowly rises and comes out of the ground, drifting like a fog just over the top of the earth.

"It's like the mist in Scarlet O'Hara's dream," Sue says, and her voice does not break the silence; it gently glides into the stillness and is tucked away in time.

* * *

Sue has gone to college now, and I miss her terribly. She counts the days until her week-ends; she does not count them alone. I remember once more that Mother said, "We're not rich, but we're all together."

"Kit, I don't think you want to be an elementary teacher," Sue confronts me this evening as we walk down the road together.

We are passing the Big Tree as I say, "Why not?"

"I think you should major in English and learn to write. I think you could do it."

"You've got to be really good to make money writing. What if I'm not?"

"You could always teach English."

"But I want to teach little children."

"Well, I don't know, you'll have to find out and make up your own mind. I sure think you're making a big mistake, though, if you have talent and waste it."

Just like that the discussion is closed. A big question mark shadows my career. I decide to take Creative Writing in school next year and find out if I can write well enough to become an author.

In August, Mary Margaret's baby is born. They name him Daniel Bade. We all feel the hurt that his Grandfather, Uncle Bill, is not alive to see him. His Grandmother is very proud.

Again, History has repeated itself. We have another Grandma Campbell and another Uncle Bill. Nothing ever really changes, time goes and then returns.

This fall I am starting to school again for the eleventh time. On the first day of school I wash very carefully just as mother washed me ten years ago. It is a different feeling, but I am nearly as excited. I like nearly all of my classes and life is very good. I still like horse-back riding and walks into the Big Pasture. I try my best to appreciate the fact that I have a soul, though the older I get the more I realize that I have done absolutely nothing to deserve the richness of my life. It is all a gift, even the very air I breathe.

Today I sit in World History Class and I am reading tomorrow's assignment. Suddenly I see the words "Time does not fly. Time stands still. We are the ones who fly." I stop abruptly as I see the words. **We are the ones who fly.** Then while I've been trying to stop time I've really been trying to hold myself down, to stop my own life. Thank God it was impossible.

* * *

Now, at sixteen, I am writing my autobiography. I have graduated from pencil and pen to typewriter. Still, as at seven, I know exactly what I want to say but not quite how to say it. I thank God that he gave me life, and then gave his own that I might not lose mine. I come to the end of the story of my life and quickly sign my work.

Linda Kay Campbell

It is Saturday and I run downstairs happy and free.

"Mama, I'm going to Grandma's," I call over my shoulder as I hurry out

Essay

The Ones Who Fly

by Linda Kay Campbell

(First Prize)

Life is not a new story by far. It has been written about before, and will be written about again. But this life is centered around the small city of Mattoon, Illinois. Tonight the world is changed a tiny bit, our home is changed a lot. I, the second child of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Campbell, am born. I was born, it sometimes seems, to rebel against change, finally to accept it, and then to learn why I must accept changes. Tempus fugit—time flies.

Infancy makes way for impetuous youth. "Mama, I'm going up to grandma's," I call over my shoulder as I skip out the door and run barefooted across the yard and up the road. I pass the barn-lot gate and come to the big hedge tree. My Grandfather Campbell played under this same big tree. I think Daddy used to play under it too. I pretend the Big Tree is a great castle, and I am Lady Barbara.

"Daddy! Can I ride?" I shout as I see him coming out of the gate on Brownie, our horse. Daddy reaches down and lifts me up behind him. In ecstasy I bounce and sway to Grandma's front yard, I slide off Brownie's sweaty side, and Daddy rides on. For a moment I watch him go, his small wiry physique merging gracefully with Brownie's.

Aunt Florence and Aunt Mabel live with Grandma; I guess they always have. Grandma and Aunt Mabel go into the parlor with me and listen patiently while I practice counting to one hundred. After I finish (almost perfectly) Grandma gives me a nickel

With my nickel in my pocket I hurry back home. On my way I meet Evelyn Tweety, my girlfriend, who is only four. Her pony-tail flutters in the breeze as we saunter down the gravel road together until we reach our "beauty spot". It is a place by the road where a big log has fallen. (Daddy can remember when it was a tree.) In the ditch are some sticks that cause a water-fall when the runs full after a rain. I prefer to come here alone, with only my daydreams; but I can be alone for the rest of my life; I have only now to enjoy Evelyn's friendship.

The author . . .

MISS LINDA KAY CAMPBELL is a sophomore English major from Mattoon. Miss Campbell began her writing career when she was six years old. Her first novel "The Adventures Of Flank", a story of a deer, was written when she was eight. Currently she is writing a novel about a girl's loneliness and struggle for religious faith during the revolutionary war period of America. She is active in several extra-curricular activities such as Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, Players, writer's group and English Club. Her future plans include continuation of her writing career . . . "I came to learn to write as well as teach."

At the end of the day I trip to bed; my day has found its close. I like my life just the way it is, and it will always be just so.

With the arrival of morning I am awakened abruptly. The hour is not early in the day, but it is early for me. I scuff sleepily down the stairs and open the door. Mother is crying, and I ask why. No one says a word. Aunt Mamie's face is red as she cooks something on the stove, looking very grim. The first thing I know I'm up on a big chair being "scrubbed". "That does it!" I think, and indignantly I ask "Are we going somewhere?"

"Yes," Mother says, but she doesn't say where. Somehow I find out what happened. Grandma Campbell has passed away during the night. Grandma—Grandma who let me comb her long gray hair and played chair-hide-and-seek with me.

Mother dresses me in my pink taffeta dress. (Sue, my older sister, is wearing hers too.) And so we start to ride the short distance I had always walked before. Everybody says I can't understand, because I am only five years old. But I do understand. I know that I will never see Grandma again. Of course I see the likeness of Grandma, lying in a coffin. But I do realize that her spirit is no longer there.

Later when the three of us, Billy (our cousin,) Sue, and I are behind the smokehouse talking, Billy, who is eleven says, "She'll never talk, she'll never walk, she'll never breathe again." Often I think of his words.

This is the first funeral I ever attended and the first real change I am to encounter. But life goes on for the living and I adjust myself without Grandma; but, a small part of her soul, so small I am unaware, becomes a part of mine.

Autumn creeps over our Illinois farm as if it is ambling on the large soft pads of a bear's foot. I have seen fall come before, but this is the first one I remember. The changes in the seasons are very new, and I can't remember from one time to the next what they are like.

Sue is starting back to school, and now she is in the third grade. These early mornings, now that it's colder, the four of us sit around the kitchen where it is warm to put our shoes and stockings on. Daddy is warming his feet in the oven, and getting his shoes warm before he goes out in the cold to milk the cows.

"We're not rich, but we're all together," Mother is saying as we finish breakfast. She's said it lots of times before but it doesn't seem worth repeating. Of course we're all together. We alwasy have been, we always will be because I am going to be an old maid and stay with Mama.

The snow comes early this year. I stand by the window and watch

while Mama tells me the old woman is picking her geese. Mama's plump hands knead her biscuit dough, and her small figure bounces slightly as she tells me a story.

I am never allowed to play in the snow. You see, I might catch cold. I want to play in it very much. Other children do. But I was so afraid that it might not snow at all that I'll just be glad it did. It is Christmas time. I have already written lots of Santa Claus letters. Christmas Eve Sue and I hung our stockings just before bedtime.

We always have big dinners at Aunt Florence and Aunt Mabel's on Christmas Day. All of my aunts and uncles and cousins come. Bill and Sue and I are giving a play about some Brownies who do not have a home. There is only one thing wrong—Grandma isn't here.

Spring and summer merge into fall, but this time something new and exciting is happening. Once more I am up on that chair being "scrubbed". History has a way of repeating itself. This will be my first day of school. My Grandfather Campbell went to West Paradise, a one-room country school; both my parents went, and now, since I am six years old, I may go.

We are going to some kind of an election this winter about consolidating schools. All I know is this: If they pass it I'll have to leave my one-room country school when I am eleven and go to a town school; I am afraid, but after all that's years away.

Sue and Bill are making plans to join the Circus. I don't know much about it because they won't let me listen, but I think they're going to have an elephant act. I'd like to go with them but they just say, "Sh-h-h, go away, you're too little."

Fall comes again, as the big folks said. I still didn't trust it to really come; so I am relieved to see the days growing shorter. I am in the second grade now and I can write really well. But I want to write something—something about me and the people I love.

One morning in November I sidle into the little kitchen up at the "girls' " as we call Aunt Florence and Aunt Mabel.

"Aunt Florence, could I have some paper?" I ask dubiously. She looks at me as if to say, "What for?" so I add rather quickly, "I want to write something."

"Could you write on the back of this?" she asks, as she hold's up yesterday's business letter she had received in the mail.

"Des," I say solemnly.

"I wish you would quit talking baby-talk, Linda. You're too big to talk that way. It just spoils you."

I smile to myself as I take the paper. "I like to talk baby-talk," I think as I sit down with my stub of a pencil to write. I have written before and I know what I want to say.

"Whut's de day?" I ask, exaggerating the baby-talk purposely. I never can figure out a calendar, but my story has to be dated. All of my stories are.

"November 3," Aunt Florence answers.

"Tank-oo."

"Now, I'll not 'tell' it another time, I want you to stop talking baby-talk. You're too big."

Can I help it if I'm a big baby?

Carefully I date my paper and start to write. The short stub of my pencil stumbles laboriously over the paper as my mind dictates only slightly faster. I know exactly what I want to say, but not quite how to say it.

Linda
Kay
Campbell
Nov
3 - 1948 Linda

i am glad to eat eggs because they are for me. my dog spike is black he can run fast. i live on a farm because my home is there. i like to play in the yard. i like a black hat. my father is a good farmer. we like the old horse. i like the girls. i like to eat apples. i like Linda. i like to eat. a farmer is a good works. (Meaning worker) old biddy likes her chicks. father is milking the cow mother is washing.

Linda

And so I sign my writing and run out to play.

Each Sunday morning I go to church. Zion Hill is a small Methodist Church located on a hill over-looking the little village of Paradise. To me Zion Hill is more than a building or a house of worship; it is our community, in the same way that the Christ it represents is my life. I'll never leave Zion Hill or our farm. I don't want to.

Now I am nine years old and something very important is happening. I am leaving Ruth's Sunday School Class and going to class with the big girls down in the basement. I have admired them for a long time and now I can finally be in class with them.

During this time I have written four books. I think they would make excellent movies. The longest one is almost fifty pages. It took me a year to write it.

For five years I have gone to West Paradise School. I have had the same teacher for four of those years and I adore her. There is one thing I don't like, though. Last week she said that within twenty years men might be flying to the moon. I told her I didn't think men would ever fly to the moon.

"God doesn't want people to know what's on the moon." I state it flatly this afternoon in Science Class as we six fifth graders sit around the recitation table. It is hot and I'm tired, and scared too. It just doesn't seem right to fly to the moon.

"That's what people told Columbus when he wanted to cross the ocean, but I guess God did want him to know what America was like. You see how wonderful it is for us who are living here?"

Somehow her words hurt. They are just too true. Men probably will climb to the moon someday and for some reason I don't want them to.

I'm lying in bed this morning and watching the sun some up. It's something I take for granted, like our farm, or the Campbell family—something stable you can depend on. The sun spreads its golden fingers across the far-flung east and turns the sky to rosy-pink. I think lazily of the story Sue read to me yesterday: the story about Aurora the Roman Goddess of the dawn. Every morning she flings open the golden gates of the Sun Palace so that Apollo can drive the sun across the sky. Each night when he returns she welcomes him back and closes the fiery gates. Of course it can't be true, only God can do that.

I hear the clock strike four. It is still cool. I lie in bed until I am thoroughly awake. Everything is in a soft early morning light and the trees outside my window fairly glow.

Softly I slip out of bed. I dress quickly without making a sound, glide down the stairs and out into the beautiful morning. I hurry to the barn and catch Brownie, our horse. I gallop along until I come to our neighbor's field. The gate is open so I cut across the grassy pasture, riding into the sunrise.

Barefooted, later I pad softly across the wide board porch at Aunt Florence and Mabel's. I walk carefully across the rough splinters, but I hurry on as I hear Bill's and Sue's excited voices. They have gone into the parlor and are shouting about burning Rome. Bill has read the book **Quo Vadis** and I can hear him telling Sue about it as they act it out. I do not understand about Nero or how he could burn a city like Rome. Sue is Nero's wife, and Bill is Nero. I can hear him pretending to fiddle while the city burns.

This reminds me slightly of the Circus I was not allowed to join several years ago. I believe there was an elephant act I was too young to even discuss. They should let me help them now. Wasn't I the star in the play Sue wrote, **A Hat for Betsey** that we produced last summer? Hadn't the preacher come to see it and complimented me on my acting? Of course, but did that change their opinion of "little sister" and "kid cousin"? Apparently not.

Sue and Bill are a sort of inspiration to me. I want desperately to understand what they are talking about. The only way is to read **Quo Vadis;** so I read it. This is the beginning of my love for reading though I do not actually understand the book.

This fall, Uncle Bill passes away. Uncle Bill has had a weak heart for some time, but still, his death comes as a shock to all of us. My cousin, Bill, is his son. It is needless to describe his feelings at his father's death. Uncle Bill is the first one of the seven children to follow his parents in death. Surviving him are his wife and three children, Barbara, Mary Margaret, and Bill.

Barbara is married now but it is sometime before Mary Margaret marries Phillip Bade. Once more, life must go on. It is again proven to the world that the living cannot follow the dead.

This year I am starting to school in a different way—different for many reasons. I am in the sixth grade now and am going to Lincoln School in Mattoon. This is a big change, and I don't like it. I want to go to school all eight years in the country. When they passed the consolidation rule, I knew I would have to finish grade school in Mattoon. Five years wasn't so long after all.

I think back to the last day of school last spring. I had walked home from school for tht last time. I turned around and tenderly looked at the little white schoolhouse, the great trees, and a neat, large yard. I remembered us as we were all playing "bear", or "tag", or some such game. Then I walked slowly away and I did not look back. I was not thinking of the better education I could get in a room where all the students would be of my own age, or how much better it would be for others all over the district. No, I was too busy feeling sorry for myself.

But there are more and worse change in my life than just changing schools. Mother's health is definitely not good. We have known that for a long time. She had pneumonia twice, once when she was a little girl, and the second time just before I was born. Now the Doctor tells us that she should spend her winters in some warm dry climate. I think she's going to Arizona. So this is the winter that Mama goes away. She is renting a small apartment from Daddy's cousins in Arizona, and staying there by herself all winter. Sue and Daddy and I are staying with Aunt Mabel and Aunt Florence and writing a lot of letters to Mother.

It is this winter that I am starting to write the book 'Little Bess'. I have put away my pencil for good. Now I write with a pen.

In the afternoons or at night Bill comes and we play Monopoly. He and Aunt Mabel and Florence and I play. I am very awkward. I am always dropping the dice or the tokens or acting silly. The rest of them get terribly annoyed and keep scolding me. Sometimes I almost want to cry after we finish a game. I try not to show how awful I feel; I try to just laugh. They must have forgotten, if they ever knew, what it's really like when you feel as if there's actually a space where your arm should be knit together—almost as if your elbow weren't there. Sometimes it feels as if my knees have been left off, I keep stumbling so much. I hope I won't always be this way. I'll be glad when Mama comes home.

I write on my story more and more. Sometimes it seems as if my pen picks up my hand and writes it for me. Sue and I have a play-house where we have our dolls. Sometimes Aunt Mabel helps us cook our dinner there or the three of us stay all night. Now I often go to the playhouse to write.

Now, with spring, comes something very wonderful and welcome. Mama is coming home on the train. Sue, Daddy, and I go to meet her. As I see her again I can appreciate what she always said. "We're not rich, but we're all together."

Once again we become settled, all of us living together again. By now we've forgotten that we were ever apart.

All of this time I have been reading my Bible. I started in Genesis when I was nine. Later I finished all fifty chapters. There was a lot of it I just read as words, and not to get the meaning. Last Christmas I received a New Testament Bible with big print. I started in the New Testament and enjoy my reading much more.

Always I try to hold back time; I hate change. In the sixth grade I watched the clock and thought, "I won't be the same person in five minutes that I am now. I'm not the same person now that I was ten minutes ago, and I don't want to change."

Now, in the eighth grade, I Keep a diary every day; if I can't stop time I can catch it. There is a difference, I am sure of that.

This spring I am planting five rows of field corn in our garden. I am making the rows and working hard at it. I think I will sell the corn back to Dad since he gave the seed to me. Carefully I make the rows, just deep enough. I cradle the seeds gently in my almost straight rows. Then, very gently, I cover them over. As the days go by the little green blades of corn finally creep up through the soft black earth. I hoe in the rows and work with them. It is a little too dry this summer and I feel they need more water. So I pump water at the well and carry it to them. True, it isn't as hard as drawing it from an open well, but it is work just the same. However, nothing is too much trouble if the results are satisfactory, and I am sure the results will be payment enough. It will be my first crop of corn.

This morning my corn is about one and a half feet high. I am very proud and very glad. Maybe there is a little vanity with it too; maybe I am too glad. "Pride goeth before a fall."

Now it is evening, and I run out to look at my corn again. It is even with the ground! My mouth drops open as I stare, first in disbelief and then with horror. Four calves stand there chewing. Numbly I round them up and drive them back into their lot, back through the gate that has been left open.

Mother isn't home; so I follow the calves through the gate and hurry along the path to the barn. Dad is feeding the pigs. I walk out to him and we talk for a while, then I tell him what has happened.

"And it's all gone, my corn's